The SPEECH of the P——st of T——y C——ge, to His Royal Highneſs GEORGE Prince of WALES.

I.

ILluſtrious Prince we'r come before you,
Who more than in our *Founder*'s Glory,
To be by You protected;
Deign to deſcend and give us Laws,
For we are Converts to Your Cauſe,
From this Day well Affected.

II.

The Noble View of Your High Merits,
Has charm'd our Thoughts and fir'd our Spirits,
With Zeal ſo Warm and Hearty;
That we reſolve to be Devoted,
At leaſt until we be Promoted,
To Your juſt Power and Party.

III.

Urg'd by a Paſſionate Deſire,
Of being rais'd a little Higher,
From a Lazy Cloiſter'd Life,
We cannot Flatter Him nor Fawn,
But fain would honour'd be with *Lawn*,
And ſettled by a WIFE.

IV.

For this we have before Reſorted,
Paid Levees punctually, and Courted
Our Charge at Home long quitting,
But now we'er come juſt in a *Nick*,
Upon a Vacant *Biſhoprick*,
This Bait can't fail of hitting.

V.

Thus, *Sir*, You ſee how much Affection,
Not Intereſt Sways in this Election,
But ſenſe of Loyal Duty;
For You ſurpaſs all Princes far,
As *Glow-Worms* do exceed a *Star*,
In Goodneſs Wit and Beauty.

VI.

To Us our *Iriſh* Commons owe,
That Wiſdom which their Actions ſhow,
Their Principles from ours ſprings;
Taught e'er the Deel himſelf could Dream on't,
That of their Illuſtrious Houſe a ſtem on't,
Should riſe the Beſt of Kings.

VII.

The glad preſages with our Eyes,
Behold a KING, Chaſte, Valiant, Wiſe,
In Forreign Fields Victorious,
Who in His Youth the *Turks* Attacks,
And made them ſtill to turn their Backs,
Was ever King ſo Glorious?

VIII.

Since *Ormond*'s like a Traytor gone,
We ſcorn to do what ſome have done,
For Learning much more Famous;
Fools may purſue their Adverſe Fate,
And ſtick to the Unfortunate,
We Laugh while they Condemn us.

IX.

For being of that gen'rous Mind,
To Succeſs we are ſtill inclin'd,
And quit the ſuffering Side:
If on our Friends croſs Planets Frown,
We joyn the Cry and Hunt them down,
And Saile with Wind and Tide.

X.

Hence 'twas this Choice we long Delay'd,
Till our raſh Foes the Rebells Fled,
Whilſt Fortune held the Scale;
But ſince their driven like Miſt before You,
Or riſing Sun we now Adore You,
Becauſe You now Prevail.

XI.

Deſcend then from Your lofty Seat,
Behold th' attending *Muſes* wait,
With us to Sing Your Praiſes;
Calliope now Strings up her Lyre,
And *Cloe*, *Phœbus* does inſpire,
The Theam their Fancy raiſes.

XII.

If then our *Nurſery* You will Nouriſh,
We and our *Muſes* too will Flouriſh,
Encourag'd by Your Favour;
We'll Doctrines Teach the Times to ſerve,
And more *Five Thouſand Pounds* deſerve,
By future Good Behaviour.

XIII.

Now take our *Harp* into Your Hand,
The joyful Strings at Your Command,
In doleful Sounds no more ſhall Mourn:
We with ſincerity of Heart,
To all Your Tunes ſhall bear a part,
Unleſs we ſee the Tables turn.

XIV.

If ſo, *Great Sir*, You will Excuſe us,
For we and our attending *Muſes*
May live to change our Strain,
And turn with merry Hearts our Tune,
Upon ſome Happy *Tenth* of *June*,
So the King Enjoys his own again.

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